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SEVENPENCE.

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OUR INCESSANT BOMBARDMENTS NOT STAYED BY THE SNOW: A BRITISH HEAVY HOWITZER WITH ITS SHELL SUPPLY ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

According to extracts from the German papers, quoted in the Swiss and Dutch Press, and reproduced in London newspapers, the enemy are preparing a tremendous general attack on the Allied armies in the West, which is due to open on the largest scale within a very short time. It may, or may not, prove so, but in the interim both the British and French heavy guns are, in spite of the severity of the winter weather, giving the Germans no rest day or night. Incessant bombardment of the enemy's positions all

along the front are the rule, as the official bulletins and communiqués record with methodical regularity. The kind of heavy metal Sir Douglas Haig's gunners are making use of at many places is shown in the above illustration amidst its wintry surroundings. It is one of our large-calibre howitzers, the shells of which range for miles, "lobbing" high over the British fire-trenches, to fall with mathematical accuracy on and in the midst of the enemy's positions.—[OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.]

WAR LITERATURE: SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

FOR anything like a general understanding of the War, and even for the enjoyment of much of its ephemeral literature, we must have what may be called a "reader's working acquaintance" with the course of the campaigns. There are several books from which this basic knowledge may be acquired, or in which it can be kept ready at one's elbow for reference, and among them we know none better than "The Fortnightly History of the War" (Chapman and Hall), by Colonel A. M. Murray. The articles appearing in the *Fortnightly Review* are here amplified, and to some necessary extent amended; but they preserve their month-to-month character. That gives to these pages a certain intimacy, as well as an air of verisimilitude. There comes back to us with each chapter the recollection of our own hopes and fears at that particular stage of the struggle; and reading the author's contemporary judgments and comments on the news as it arrived, we have a feeling of living through the first two years of war again in his company. It is the company of a professional soldier, whose aim is to instruct rather than to entertain. Colonel Murray sticks to the published texts about the war, and indulges his readers with no sensational stories or purple passages. His, in fact, is a work of reference. But just as his maps record dry data with a pleasant art, so his pages adorn a plain, unvarnished tale with no little charm and literary skill.

We have found it very useful, for example, to get the whole Verdun operations into proper perspective in Colonel Murray's pages before tackling two very excellent volumes which treat of these in detail. In Mr. H. Warner Allen's "The Unbroken Line" (Smith, Elder), indeed, Verdun nominally occupies one chapter only. The author, with quite unusual opportunities of observation, makes a tour along the French trenches from Switzerland to the North Sea. Each sector has its chapter, and (be it added) an excellent map. From Alsace, where the Allied right wing is based on the mountainous bastion of the Alps, to where the left wing rests at Nieuport on the British Fleet, he has gone with an eye for characteristics of people and country, which he has set down in his pages with a happy and graphic pen. He has even been in time to get into them an account of the earliest days of our own Somme offensive. But the object of his search is always the spirit of France, and for that Verdun is the symbolic name. Consequently, Verdun is not confined to the chapter in his book to which it gives a title, but runs throughout it like a spiritual leaven.

M. Henry Dugard, on the other hand, keeps close to his subject, or, at any rate, one phase of it, in "The Battle of Verdun" (Hutchinson)—translated with a readable freedom by Mr. F. Appleby Holt—and explores it with Gallic chief and vivacity. Unlike Mr. Allen's volume, the chief merit of M. Dugard's is less an acute personal observation than a vivid presentation of the evidence of competent witnesses. Anyone who has something to say, and can say it well—notably the military critic of the *Journal des Débats*, most illuminating of commentators—is impressed to bring grist to M. Dugard's mill, and we readers benefit accordingly. In short, brisk chapters—not chronologically, but after a quite well-reasoned plan—the author from one source or other gives us an impression of each turn and phase of the great battle, from the morning bombardment by the Germans on Feb. 21 to the fight for Hill 304 ending on May 7. The method may appear scrappy, but in no other way, perhaps, could so much varied experience and so many instances of individual devotion be brought into one story. The effect of the whole, at any rate, is remarkably thrilling and complete.

Once again we turn to our book of reference, and get the Anzac achievement into proper relation with the whole war, before following its particulars in Mr. Phillip F. E. Schuler's full and animated narrative, "Australia in Arms" (Fisher Unwin). So many books have been written about the Gallipoli Expedition that it is really high praise to commend that of the correspondent of the *Melbourne Age* as offering a fresh view. But it does, and, moreover, is unusually well illustrated, and—rarer merit still—quite usefully indexed. Further, the preparatory experiences in Egypt are described with zest. Undoubtedly, however, where Mr. Schuler appears to outstrip other chroniclers of Australian achievements—he rather strictly confines himself, quite naturally, perhaps, to them—is in his account of feeling in the Commonwealth on the outbreak of the war, and before the Imperial force embarked for the Front. We get a new view in these early pages of Australia mobilising, in the first instance, for defence.

As with Gallipoli, so with Serbia. One must be familiar with the earlier chapters of the tragedy, before he can realise the climax of her agony which is the special subject of Mr. Fortier Jones's volume, "With Serbia Into Exile" (Melrose) is the story of the retreat to the Adriatic, which the author accompanied, and we may say in passing that, like most of the books here under review, its illustrations are admirable. Mr. Jones is an American, who writes, and also reports, very frankly—so frankly, indeed, that a certain juggling has been found necessary in the English issue with certain of the original American sheets. Too little is known of the adventures of this "Army that cannot die," and we can warmly advise enlightenment about it in the pages of this warm-hearted, possibly hot-headed work.

It is certainly not out of lack of appreciation of Mr. George Renwick's "War Wanderings" (Chapman and Hall) that we keep back the mention of it to the last, but only because the author holds so many of the threads we have been following in this and that volume that in his we have an opportunity of pulling them all together. Mr. Renwick, as the Special Correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, has been in most of the fields of action. Of the men he met, he can draw a lively thumbnail; the scenes he saw he reproduces entertainingly and with balance. And his book also has its good illustrations.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Illustrated London News

The price of "The Illustrated London News" has been raised by one penny—that is, to Sevenpence—as from the present issue. In the same way, our contemporaries have raised their price. This has been made necessary by the great increase in the cost of paper and of all other materials used, in the cost of labour and of transport. We feel sure that our readers will support us as before, realising that we should not raise the price of our Paper unless such action were really necessary. It should be added, further—and the point seems hardly to call for emphasis—that the Paper will be kept at its present high standard of illustrations and letterpress. The normal price of sixpence will be resumed as soon as possible.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LISTER.

A RECORD of a brief and brilliant life cheerfully laid down at the call of patriotism is set forth in "Charles Lister: Letters and Recollections, with a Memoir by his father, Lord Ribblesdale" (Fisher Unwin). Such records will not be few by the time the present struggle has ended, and they are precious reminders of the spirit and type of youth which the country found eager to obey her summons. Memorials like these rebut the charge of racial decadence. Lister's personality was of singular power and attractiveness: he was beloved wherever he went; his burning enthusiasms carried him into diverse worlds. At Eton he was distinguished for a many-sided intelligence: he ran papers, he arranged a lecture by a Russian revolutionary, he spoke with power and acceptance in "Pop," he was wital good at his work, not, perhaps, in the first flight of elegant scholarship, but a promising "Greats" man. And so, in process of time, when he went up to Balliol, they gave him a scholarship on that very promise; let him omit Honour Mods, and take Lit. Hum. at the end of his third year. At the University, he contrived to quicken all his social, sporting, and revolutionary interests without prejudice to his work; he joined the Independent Labour Party (afterwards renounced), and took his first, bringing it off mainly by a well-kindled and properly nourished enthusiasm for Greek history. At the time he was ready to devote his life to that subject, and he even sat for a Merton Fellowship. But the Fates ruled otherwise. So at length it was the Diplomatic Service. At Rome and at Constantinople, Lister gave excellent promise of success in his career. He was sagacious, he was industrious, and minutely conscientious. He enjoyed life, one imagines, to the full. His Roman and Byzantine days were (apart from official work) something of a picnic. He had still much of the undergraduate in his outlook, and in the fresh phrasing of his letters. Something of Oxford and of summer-time seems to cling about him to the last. For he was not yet twenty-eight when he died; he had been in the Service only three years when diplomacy had to give place to something less silken. Lister's letters from Constantinople during July and August 1914 prove how rightly he had gauged the situation. He was almost feverishly anxious to hear that Great Britain had taken the only possible course. Then, after our earlier disasters, he saw his duty plain. Evading easier paths, he joined the Hood Battalion, and served gallantly with it in Gallipoli. Three times wounded, he died in August 1915. To his courage and daring, Sir Ian Hamilton bore witness in despatches. Rupert Brooke, Raymond Asquith, the Grenfells, and others whose lives are not to be measured by their brief tale of years, were Lister's comrades in promise and achievement.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

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MEMOIRS OF TWO PRUSSIAN MONARCHS.

Frederick the Great: Memoirs of Henri de Catt.

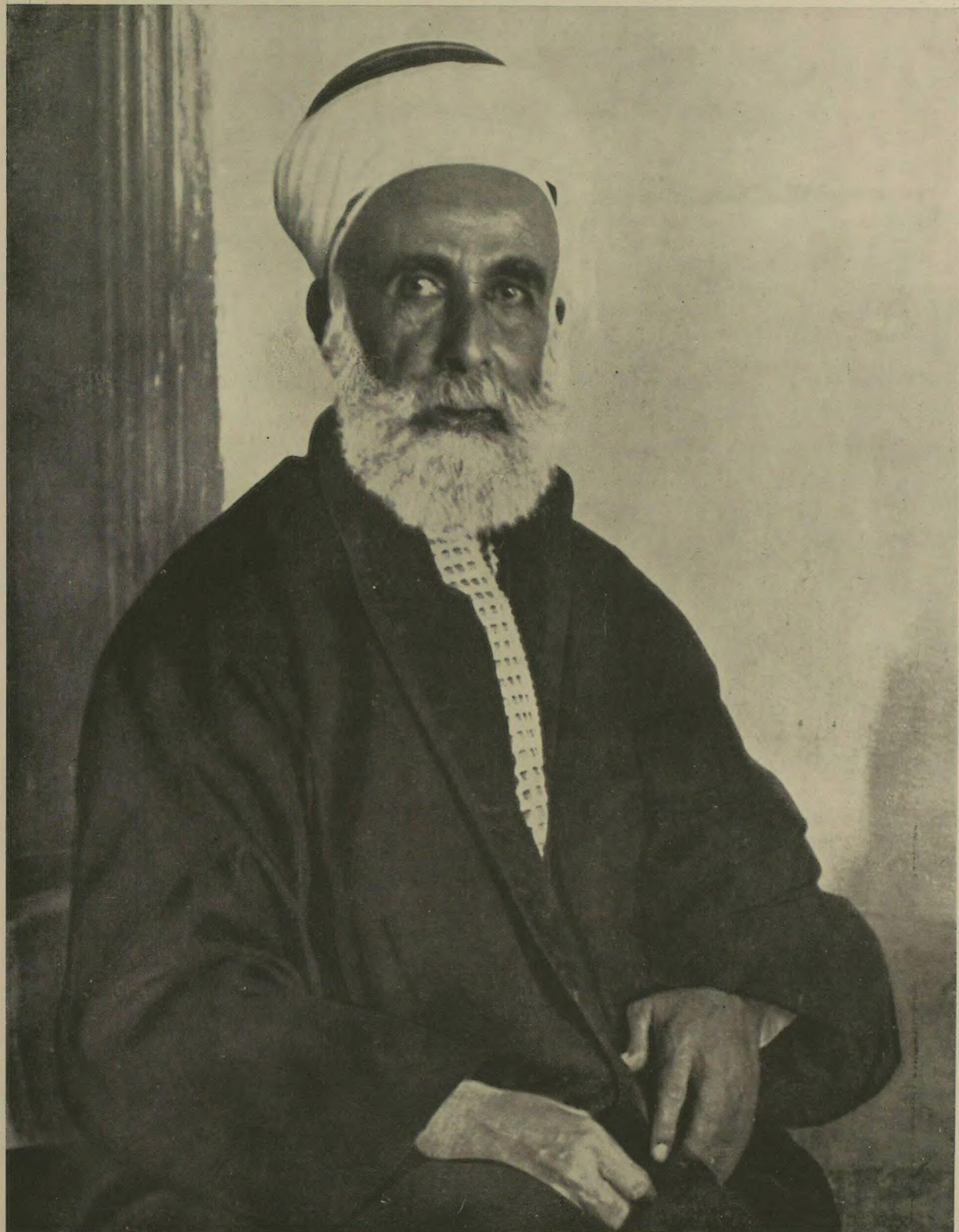
Readers of Byron's "Vision of Judgment" will not have forgotten the effect of Southey's verse upon the Hosts of Heaven and the legions of Satan. If Byron be correct, the reading and its results enabled King George III. to enter Paradise. One might have thought that M. Henri de Catt was qualifying by still greater effort for the best that the future has to offer, when he entered the service of Frederick the Great, who does not stand upon the poetic plane of Robert Southey; but in the middle of the eighteenth century, the "Vision of Judgment" was unwritten, and some other explanation must be found. Perhaps to the simple, kindly, dull, yet sensible Swiss gentleman, the office of Reader to the King of Prussia presented special attractions. He suffered Frederick gladly; but how came it that Frederick suffered him so long? Was he employed in a form of espionage of which he only hints when telling the story of the first instructions he received; or was Frederick unable to find among his Generals any man brave enough to endure, day after day, the combined strain of arduous campaigning and bad, blank verse? These questions still remain unanswered, and unanswerable, but Henri de Catt has his modest place in history, and the translation of the "Memoiren" from the manuscript in the Prussian State Archives is timely enough. "Frederick the Great: The Memoirs of his Reader, Henri de Catt," translated by F. S. Flint, with an Introduction by Lord Rosebery (two vols.; Constable), will find many readers, and will carry them into the heart of things, for the Memoirs deal with the critical season of Frederick's life—the two years that held Zorndorf, Hochkirchen, and Kunersdorf. There were eighteen other years in which the Reader endured his royal master before being cast aside, as, sooner or later, were most of those who served the man; but if their story were told, it could hardly reveal more of Frederick. Henri de Catt is honest, transparently honest, only now and again does he come under suspicion, and then the only possible verdict is "not proven"! He shows us that Frederick the Great was a monumental mixture of many qualities, good, bad, and indifferent—a brave and gifted soldier, who was not incapable of bad mistakes, a deep thinker, an indifferent versemaker, with a passion for French poetry; a hero-worshipper, with Voltaire for hero; a tyrant and a sentimentalist. We may hate him for the strife he stirred in Europe, for the hideous Seven Years War (direct result of his crimes); but we must admire at the same time the undaunted courage, the iron will and resolution, the spirit that never knew prolonged despondency in the darkest hours of trial, and never brooked defeat. In the course of his conversations with M. de Catt, he expressed many opinions about the responsibilities of Generals for the behaviour of their soldiers, opinions that have not guided the German Generals of our own times, who have copied his vices only. He even deplored his own misfortunes in having to lead a life of war, when he would have preferred to woo the reluctant Muse at Potsdam. Had he not shown himself ungenerous to those who served him best, admiration might have filled a large place in our estimate of Frederick, and M. de Catt would have helped us to this view. As things are, the man remains an enigma, a misfortune to the Europe of his own time and of ours.

King Edward, the Kaiser, and the War.

The few "star turns" of Mr. Legge's "King Edward, the Kaiser, and the War" (Grant Richards) throw the rest into the shade. What can

stand beside the story of the knock-down blow dealt from the hearty fist of the late King? The picture of his arrogant nephew, the incipient Attila—or, as Mr. Legge prefers to call him, the Hycanean Tiger—sprawling on the astonished gravel of a Windsor courtyard is, in its kind, a classic that deserved a cut to itself in the elementary history-books that will be served out to the Board Schools of a free Poland, a liberated Alsace, a triumphant Poland, an enlightened Turkey, a happier Prussia. Mr. Legge classes this plum with another which was semi-officially denied by the Emperor—and we all know what a denial counts for; the knock-out too, he surmises, will be denied. What better proof can we desire? What better credentials can Mr. Legge offer us? It is part and parcel of the topsyturvydom of the new war-world in which the Court chronicler now resides that he should set a high value, if not on the approbation of a monarch, then on his frowns. For the Court chronicler to be named in a "semi-official" journal is for him, we gather, a veritably good thing. The Kaiser can still distribute favours, it would seem: he has but to say "Mr. Legge is inaccurate" to sell an edition of Mr. Legge. Your Court chronicler must still quote royalty, even as an adverse witness. And the still queerer situation is that he continues to catch the crumbs from the table of a discredited monarch, even when they are crumbs of sugar. Mr. Legge quotes some entirely innocent and insignificant private letters of the Kaiser's to English friends. Some of these would hardly pass muster for publication if they were signed differently. We are given facsimiles of the calligraphy of the Hycanean Tiger, polite writing strongly resembling Mr. George Bernard Shaw's. The Court governess comes forward with her revelations; the butler produces a manuscript. Higher in the scale you find the Court chronicler adapting his vocabulary to the exigencies of Armageddon. He collects his sugar-plums and stuffs them with gunpowder. The trifles of Court gossip, which were once precious for their own sake, he lets loose as bombshells. We are given the scuffles which prefigured a European war. Nor let it be supposed that Mr. Legge rests content with one instance of princely violence; he quotes from *Ideas* (not always can he go to the fount-head) the following little story: "An elderly clergyman tells me he was present at St. Paul's Cathedral one Sunday morning. . . . There seemed to be some sort of disagreement between the British Prince and the future Kaiser during the service; anyhow, the Hun turned on the Prince with the savagery of a wolf and actually bit him. 'A more painful and distressing scene,' says my friend, 'I have never witnessed in the house of God.'"

A POTENTATE OF THE EAST: THE KING OF HEDJAZ.

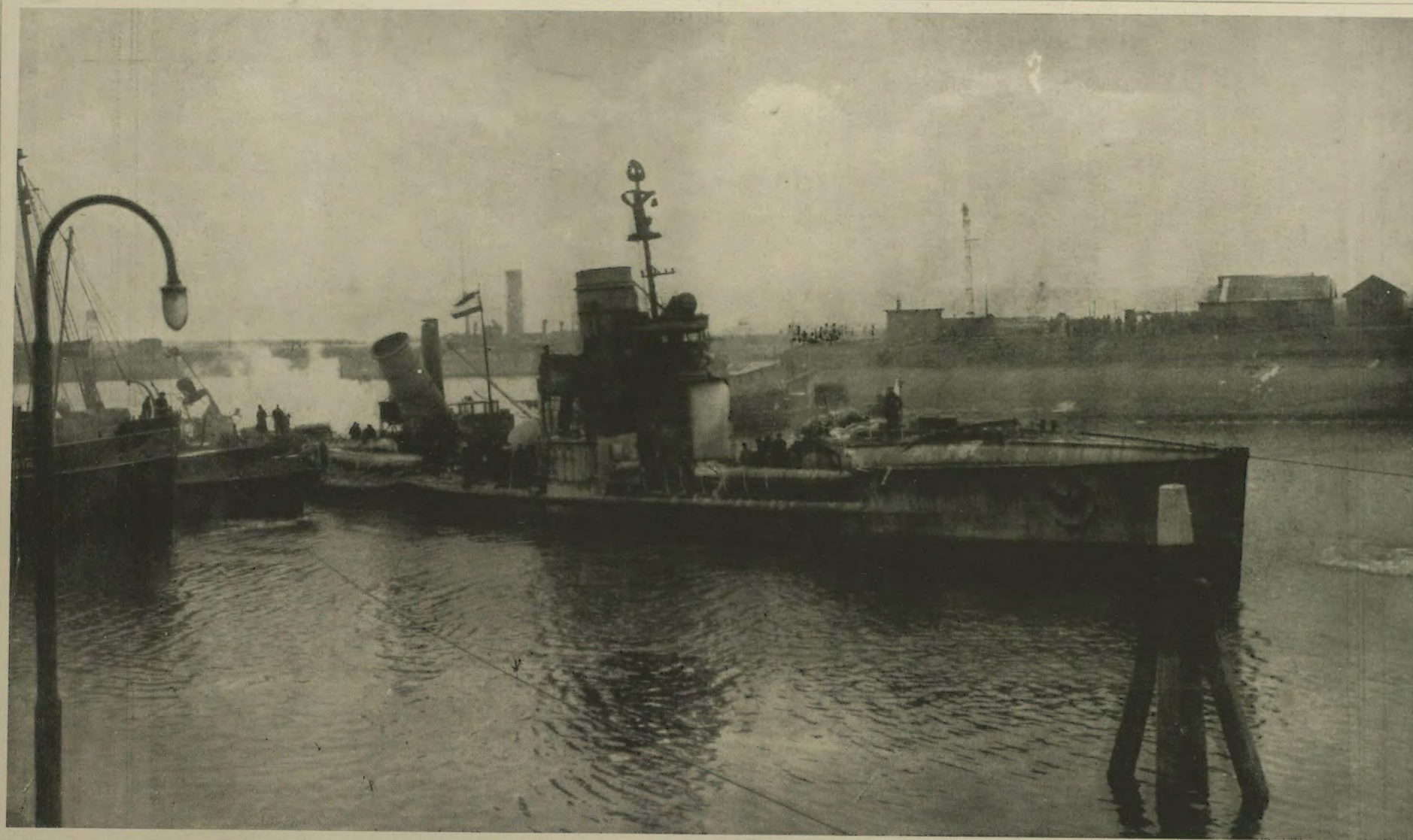


FORMERLY KNOWN AS THE GRAND SHERIF OF MECCA: HUSSAIN THE FIRST, KING OF HEDJAZ, AND HEREDITARY CUSTODIAN OF THE HOLY CITIES OF MECCA AND MEDINA.

Hussain the First, King of Hedjaz, is descended from an Arabian princely family which is held in high veneration by the Arabs. Hedjaz was at one time perfectly free and independent of Turkish rule. Of late years, however, owing to the construction of the Hedjaz railway, the Turkish Government has made a show of exerting its authority there, but this has always been regarded by the Arabs as a foreign and unlawful invasion of their rights. Since the outbreak of the war, there has been a great deal of very arbitrary interference on the part of the Turks in Arabian affairs there, combined with acts of actual oppression and cruelty. This, and the impiety of the Young Turks

and their inhuman treatment of the Arabs of Syria and other parts of the Ottoman Empire, decided the Grand Sherif, after many indignant protests, to reassert the independence of the Arabs of Hedjaz. He did this with such success that, after a substantial victory had been gained by his troops in action with the Turkish forces some few months back, the Sherif issued a proclamation to the world asserting the absolute independence of Hedjaz and its inhabitants, and their freedom from Turkish invasion and foreign control of any kind, and announcing that the assembled notables, princes, and representatives of the people had acclaimed the Grand Sherif King of Hedjaz.

THE DESTROYER FIGHT OFF HOLLAND: THE GERMAN REFUGEE AT YMUIDEN.



BATTERED BY THE GUNS OF BRITISH DESTROYERS, AND WITH HALF THE CREW CASUALTIES: "V 69" ON ARRIVAL TO SEEK SHELTER IN THE DUTCH SEAPORT.

Two short but sharp encounters between British and German destroyers took place in the North Sea in stormy weather in the black darkness of the early hours of January 23, as recorded in an Admiralty communiqué. One occurred off the Dutch coast, to the north of Zeebrugge and the mouth of the Scheldt. The other fight was in the neighbourhood of the Frisian Islands, westward of Cuxhaven and Heligoland. "A short engagement," records the official statement on the Dutch coast action, "took place, during which one of the enemy torpedo-boat destroyers was sunk; the rest scattered, having suffered considerable punishment.

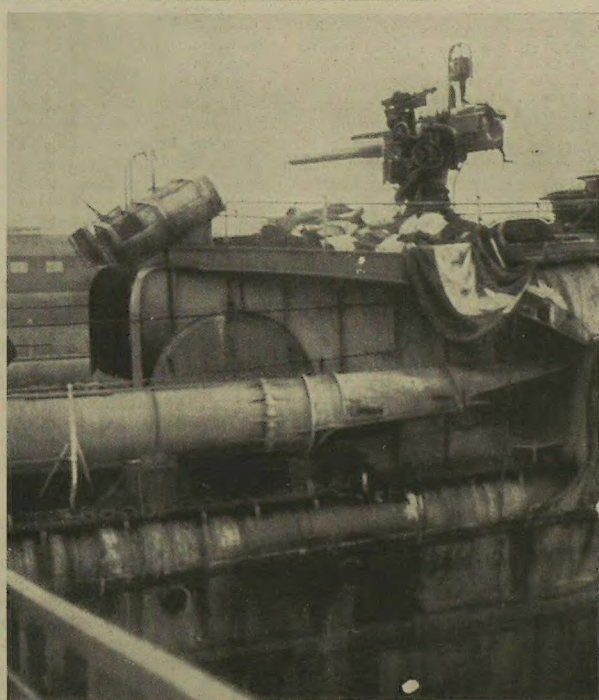
Darkness prevented the full results of the action from being observed." Within twenty-four hours the news reached England from Holland that one of the German survivors of the engagement had been towed into Ymuiden Harbour on the coast of Holland, north of Rotterdam, by three Dutch tugs, in a very severely damaged and unmanageable condition. A "Times" correspondent, who saw the destroyer "V 69," speaks of her as having had eight of her crew killed and a great many wounded. Many had also been drowned, upwards of 80 in all, of the vessel's original crew of 160, being casualties.

THE DESTROYER FIGHT OFF HOLLAND: THE "V 69" AT YMUIDEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON CO.



ON THE STARBOARD SIDE OF "V 69": THE SMASHED BULWARKS AND BRIDGE-WRECKAGE BESIDE THE HALF-FALLEN AFTER-FUNNEL.



THE FORWARD DECK, WHERE OUR SECOND SHELL KILLED FIVE MEN AT THEIR GUN: THE FLAG-COVERED BODIES LAID BESIDE THE GUN.



ON THE PORT SIDE OF "V 69": THE UPPER DECK AND BRIDGE-WRECKAGE ROUND THE BASE OF THE HALF-FALLEN AFTER-FUNNEL.

As was made evident at Ymuiden after the crippled "V 69" had been anchored in port, the shooting of the British destroyer which principally engaged the German craft was marvellous, in spite of the blackness of the night, the wild wind and the stormy sea. The first British shot fired at the vessel struck the bridge. The shell-burst took off the legs of the German Commodore of the Flotilla, whose flag-ship "V 69" was. It also killed on the spot two Lieutenants. Our second shell burst close to one of the guns on the forward deck, killing outright the gun's crew of five. Their bodies, on "V 69"

reaching Ymuiden, were laid by the gun and covered by the German naval ensign, as seen in the second illustration on this page. The cylinder-shaped cases seen in front of the gun on deck (to the reader's left) are apparently for signal rockets. Each bears a patch of paint of different colours at the upper end. The first and third illustrations give a telling idea of the devastation wrought on either side of the upper deck by the British shells. They furnish corroborative testimony of the statement made by one of the German petty officers that "the enemy's marksmanship was very accurate."



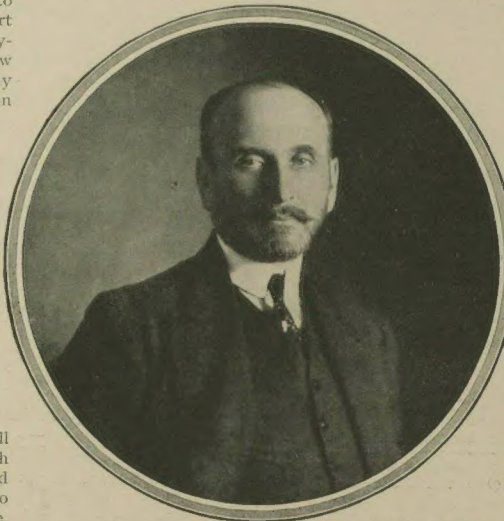
By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I CANNOT make out what it was that happened to President Wilson. I rather think he has been murdered. I would suggest, in the Stevenson style, that his corpse has been concealed in a Saratoga trunk and carried off on a Ford car—only that, by the current American opinion, it would be easier to carry off a Ford car in a Saratoga trunk. Or perhaps he was kidnapped alive, and the Ford car took him to the Ford Peace Ship, which marooned him on a desert island to meditate on the freedom of the seas. Anyhow, I believe he is gone, and that an entirely new and entirely fatuous young German, impenetrably disguised behind the President's eye-glasses, sits in his seat at the White House and sends messages to the Senate and to the world. I have never joined in the cheap journalistic jeering at Mr. Wilson for not taking particular forms of action; but, whatever his actions might be, there used always to be a certain detached intellectual distinction about his ideas. In his last message to the Senate it was his ideas that seemed suddenly to have stopped working. Really, if he has not been murdered, one might almost fancy that he has had a knock on the head.

For instance, what can be said of his idea, generally considered as an idea, of peace without victory? Peace without victory is war without excuse. And, if he believes in the idea, would he apply the idea to the quarrels after the peace as well as to the quarrels before it? He wishes to establish a league of peace to prevent wars; obviously it could only prevent them by waging war, or threatening to wage war, with any Power that broke the peace. Then he says it can only be founded on an inconclusive settlement of this war, because any other would leave bitterness. But does he intend all its future interventions to be inconclusive? And if they were conclusive, would they not leave bitterness? If an ambitious Power dislikes being beaten by an enemy, would it not also dislike being bullied by a peace league? Are we to act on the principle that every future outrage is to be followed by amnesty and equality, and letting bygones be bygones? If we do not, why should we do it for this particular outrage, which we happen to think particularly outrageous? If we do, is there any sane man who will pretend that such perpetual flattening out of everything, fair and unfair, will not leave bitterness? Will men endure a court of justice which never does anything except tell all the advocates to throw up their briefs? Will they be content with an international magistrate who has no function whatever except to write off debts, to let off malefactors, and to give certificates of bankruptcy to the most fraudulent bankrupts? Is it not obvious that such amnesty would soon become the worst tyranny in the world?

If Mr. Wilson is so much interested in the avoidance of bitterness, there is one very ancient and simple truth that should be brought to his notice, as the chief magistrate of a great commonwealth. There is no bitterness in the heart of man like the bitterness that follows the denial of right. There is not so deep a fury in the thief when he is punished as there is in the innocent man when he is let out on the ticket-of-leave of a thief. That, and that alone, is the precise moral position to which the President's scheme invites us. We are to be freely forgiven for the crime that somebody else has committed—and committed against us. The world is told to bear no malice against us for having been swindled and stabbed, but to regard us with the same equal and serene clemency which is given to the stabbers and swindlers. Belgium must not be harshly criticised for having been harshly treated; she also may share the renewed peace and hope of those who plunged her in slaughter and despair when the fancy took them. France may have a decent veil drawn over the fact that she presumed to

defend her frontiers, and even to impede the occupation of her northern provinces. She was even so impetuous as to win a victory over the invaders at the Marne; but the story can, perhaps, be hushed up. Serbia starts afresh with a clean sheet; her enemies are not to throw it in her teeth that they sent her an ultimatum which was the disgrace and the derision



THE NEW RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR: M. SAZONOFF.

Much satisfaction is felt at the appointment of M. Sergi Dimitrievitch Sazonoff as Russian Ambassador to Great Britain. He is well known in London, having been Second Secretary at the Russian Embassy from 1890 to 1894, and Councillor from 1904 to 1906. Later he was President of the Russo-British Chamber of Commerce at Petrograd, and from 1910 until last July he was Foreign Minister. He will not, it is said, be able to come to England yet owing to the illness of his wife.—[Photo. by Stanley.]

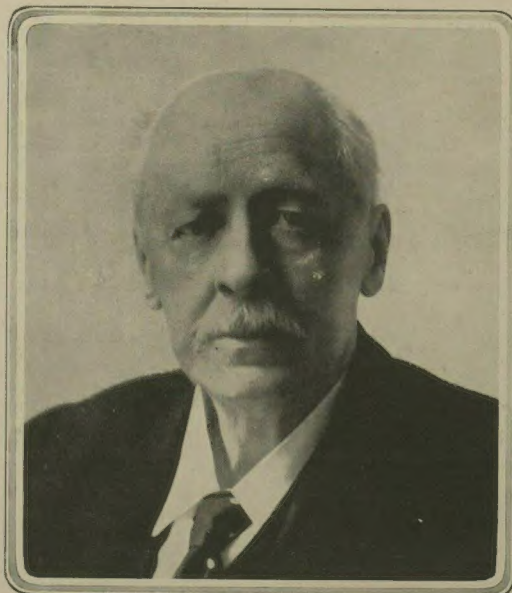
of all diplomacy; they are not to reproach her with the fact that she asked for arbitration in vain. The quality of mercy is not strained; it overflows to the

relations of Captain Fryatt or the friends of Miss Cavell—a wise moderation will hold them all blameless. They shall be as respectfully treated as the proudest Prussian officer who toasted a prisoner in champagne and then shot him dead, or the most fastidious Prussian doctor who smiled from a safe distance at the despair of the sick and the deserted. Does it strike Mr. Wilson as barely possible, in the complexities of human nature, that *this* sort of equality of treatment may also produce bitterness? I think we can promise him that it will not stop at bitterness. If any attempt were really made to cover the black-and-white of this human story with such leprous whitewash, those who attempted it would find out a number of fundamental things of which they are apparently ignorant. One of the minor facts would be the fact that an honest man can be much more angry than a knave.

There is some very vile nonsense talked nowadays about this sentiment being merely "vindictive." It is not vindictive, if vindictiveness means merely the desire to hurt somebody who has hurt us. It is an abstract, virgin, and wholly virtuous intolerance of a tale ending wrong. It is the refusal of the intellect to accept the prospect of everything being for ever upside down.

A peace without victory is a violation of that very practical thing which is called poetical justice. Victory is the only meaning of war. It is to war what the light is to a lighthouse, or what the brain is to a man. Men will not toil for a century to build a lighthouse a mile high, and then put no lamp in it and say it will do no harm. A woman will not travail to bear a man child, and then dash his brains out because the body will lie more quiet. Nor will the tribes of men labour to lift to the stars this Babel-Tower of battle, and then put in it no lamp of reason to make a sign to the sea traffic and to mark a difference on the chart. Nor will the earth endure these gigantic birth-pangs to bring forth a dead thing. Peace without victory is a dead thing; it is only level as the grave is level; it is only equal as we are all equal in the dust. It is not even like the peace before the beginning of the war, but more like the peace before the beginning of the world and of all living things. Its impartiality is like the impartiality of an ice-age, in which there is no complaint—not because anything is freed, but because everything is frozen. So it would be, at least, if it could exist and endure; but it will not exist, because men's minds have been too awfully awakened; and it would not endure because men would not endure it. There is something in it that is worse than hopelessness; it is not that there is no hope in it, but rather that there is no sense in it.

What would really happen, of course, is exceedingly simple. At the first chance Prussia, at the head of all her slaves, would return to the charge. There is no conceivable reason for supposing that any compromise could cure her of so fixed an idea. It would be impossible then to prove to her that she could not. It would be certainly quite impossible to prove to her victims that she would not. We should all pass our last days in desperate and incessant armament, in desperate and incessant discipline. And if it be said that this would be prevented by the guarantee of a peace league, then we come back to President Wilson and the weakness of his whole position. If he can see no difference between the attacker and the attacked in the present case, why should he see any difference in any possible future case? To say that a peace league must be founded on an equal treatment is simply to say that a court of arbitration must be founded on its own incapacity to arbitrate. It is very simple; and there is no answer to it.



THE PASSING OF A GREAT ENGLISHMAN: LORD CROMER.

The Empire learned with deep regret of the death, on January 29, of that great statesman, the maker of modern Egypt, one of the great pro-consuls of the Empire. Born on February 26, 1841, son of Mr. Henry Baring, M.P., he quickly made his mark, and in 1872 his cousin, the Earl of Northbrook, Viceroy of India, appointed him private secretary. After leaving India, he took up his post in Cairo, when Egypt was under Ismail Pasha, and his career became part of history. Lord Cromer succeeded in the Earldom by Viscount Errington, who is married to a daughter of the late Lord Minto.—[Photograph by Russell and Sons.]

ROYALTY ON SKATES: QUEEN WILHELMINA AND HER DAUGHTER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



ICE FESTIVALS IN THE NETHERLANDS: THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND AND PRINCESS JULIANA SKATING TOGETHER ON A CANAL.

Lovers of the old Dutch Masters know how much the artists owed to the canals of Holland, whether imprisoned by the ice, bearing big boats upon their placid waters, gleaming in the sun, or with their frozen surface crowded with happy skaters. The weather on the Continent is Arctic, but it has its consolations, first among which is the pleasure that skating brings. In our photograph are seen the very popular Sovereign, H.M. Queen Wilhelmina, enjoying, with her daughter, the winter pastime *par excellence*.

of her people. Queen Wilhelmina, daughter of the late King William III., was born in 1880, and succeeded her father in 1890, assuming the Sovereignty in 1898. In 1901 the Queen married H.H. Duke Henry of Mecklenburg, who was naturalised in the Netherlands in 1901, and created Prince of the Netherlands, with the qualification of Royal Highness. The little Princess Juliana, who was born at the Hague on April 30, 1909, is the only child of their Majesties.

BOMBS AND BOXING: AN INTERRUPTED MATCH ON THE EGYPTIAN FRONT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL NEWS.



THE ENEMY'S AIR-ATTACK DURING THE BOXING TOURNAMENT IN THE BRITISH CAMP ON THE EXTREME EGYPTIAN FRONT:
THE MEN SCATTERING BY ORDER, AT THE ALARM OF THE RAIDER'S APPROACH.



THE ENEMY'S AIR-ATTACK DURING THE BOXING TOURNAMENT IN THE BRITISH CAMP ON THE EXTREME EGYPTIAN FRONT:
FIVE MINUTES AFTER THE SCATTERING—THE TOURNAMENT IN FULL SWING AGAIN.

At one of our camps in Egypt, at the extreme front and nearest the enemy, New Year's Day was celebrated by a Boxing Tournament. The whole camp, all who were off duty for the day, mustered in force to see the sport. Their interest in the proceedings was, however, abruptly interrupted by the intrusion on the scene of two of the enemy's bomb-dropping aeroplanes. These suddenly appeared high up in the distance, and were soon heading for the part of the camp where the airmen could discern a big cluster

of people—the spectators at the Tournament massed together. The enemy were, however, immediately baulked of the "target" they expected. Before they could get near, the order to "Scatter" was given to our men. At the same time British aeroplanes opened their attack on the enemy, who forthwith began dropping their bombs hurriedly. Fifteen bombs which fell killed only one man and wounded a horse and a native boy. The enemy aircraft fled; whereupon, within five minutes of the alarm, the Tournament was resumed.

WINTER—BUT NO "WINTER QUARTERS": SNOW AT THE FRONT.

BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



SNOW MEANS HEAVY PLODDING FOR OUR GUNNERS ON DUTY: ARTILLERYMEN BRINGING UP SHELLS TO THE BATTERIES FROM A ROADSIDE "DUMP."



LOADING UP WITH A FRESH SUPPLY OF SNOW-COVERED SHELLS AT A "DUMP": A GUNNER SQUAD PICKING UP THEIR QUOTA FOR THE BATTERIES.



PROVIDING EFFICIENT SHELTER AGAINST SNOW AND ICY WINDS: NISSEN HUTS AT THE BRITISH FRONT.



WEATHER-PROOF WINTER FIELD-BARRACKS: NISSEN HUTS—A CONTINUATION OF THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH.



ON THE WAY TO PASS SEVERAL HOURS ON DUTY IN THE OPEN: INFANTRY TRAMPING THROUGH THE SNOW TO RELIEVE THEIR COMRADES IN THE TRENCHES.



COLD AND DESOLATION ABOVE GROUND—BELOW, WARMTH, COMPARATIVE COMFORT, AND CHEERFULNESS: GUNNERS AT THE ENTRANCE TO A BATTERY DUG-OUT.

"In winter there is always a lull in war operations." So an old Roman poet wrote once—his line being freely translated. That was the state of things in all European wars, from time immemorial down to the Franco-German War of 1870-71, when the activities of the French *francs-tireurs* compelled the Germans to turn out and take the field all through the hard winter weather. Even Wellington's Peninsular Army in Spain went regularly into winter cantonments every year. Nowadays, on all the European fronts, winter fighting continues, the brunt of which usually falls on the artillery, as the daily communiqués record. Our illustrations show how, in spite of snow difficulties, the guns

are kept fed by fatigue parties of artillerymen, ever tramping to bring up shells to and fro between the "dumps" and the batteries. The third and fourth photographs show a winter camp of Nissen huts, structures quickly put together, with roofs half-boiler section in shape. Inside they are weather-tight and kept warm by stoves, as are many of our dug-out "barrack-rooms." Incidentally, it may be added that the general appearance of the camp seen suggests one of the old-time redskin Iroquois permanent wigwam "towns," in the Mohawk country west of the Hudson River, of which travellers of old published sketches in narratives of their wanderings in Canada.

A VESUVIUS OF MAN'S MAKING: HUGE CRATERS CAUSED BY VOLCANIC MINE-EXPLOSIONS ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



TAKING THE PANORAMIC VIEW SEEN BELOW: THE PHOTOGRAPHER ON THE EDGE OF THE CRATER "SNAPSHOTTED" BY A BROTHER OFFICER.



LESS ONLY BY COMPARISON: A "SMALLER" SHOWN IN THE



CRATER, ADJOINING THE LARGER ONE OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS.



SUGGESTIVE OF ADVENTUROUS TOURISTS ON THE EDGE OF A CLIFF: LOOKING DOWN INTO THE BIG MINE-CRATER.



THE VOLCANIC FORCE OF MODERN EXPLOSIVES: AN ENORMOUS MINE-CRATER ON THE WESTERN



FRONT—ITS AMAZING DIMENSIONS SHOWN BY THE RELATIVE SIZE OF THE SOLDIERS ON ITS "LIP."

These photographs illustrate what is, perhaps, the most terrible of all the terrible incidents of modern war—the destruction caused by the subterranean mine. The enormous size of the crater shown in the panoramic photograph underneath would be unbelievable, without such illustration, by those who had not seen it with their own eyes; though Londoners, indeed, have had cause lately to realize the volcanic force of the high explosives now used for military purposes. The central photograph of the upper three shows a subsidiary crater—of sufficiently formidable dimensions—which adjoins the gigantic cavity of the greater mine. The scene suggests nothing so much as the mouth of a volcano. The precise

locality where these amazing mine-craters were formed on the Western Front is not revealed in connection with our photographs. It is interesting, however, to recall that an official French communiqué recently mentioned a similar occurrence. "According to further information," it stated, "the mine operation which we carried out yesterday in the Boverlignes district was perfectly successful. One of the craters formed by it measures about 120 yards in length by 40 yards in breadth." Mining is, of course, common in all parts of the front. We have on various occasions illustrated the huge upheavals of smoke and earth that rise into the air when a mine is detonated. Here we show the aftermath.

THE TORPEDOED "IVERNIA": A RAFT, AND A WELL-DISCIPLINED GROUP.



RESCUE NEAR AT HAND: SOLDIERS WEARING LIFE-BELTS ON BOARD ONE OF THE "IVERNIA'S" RAFTS, APPROACHING A RESCUING PATROL-BOAT



THE "BIRKENHEAD" COOLNESS AND COURAGE WHICH ALL ON BOARD THE SHIP SHOWED: CHEERY SOLDIERS STOPPING TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE TAKING TO THE BOATS.

The transport "Ivernia" was sunk by a submarine in the Mediterranean on January 1. In the upper illustration one of her life-rafts is seen with its load of rescued men. All British men-of-war and transports are supplied with rafts of much the same construction. They are carried on board ship stowed on the upper decks as a rule, in such a manner that, in case of the occurrence of a sudden disaster to the ship, they can be released practically automatically. They can either be instantly launched over the side, or in case there is no time for that, should the ship founder unexpectedly,

the life-rafts are so contrived as to float off freely from the deck by themselves. The conical-ended floats seen are of sheet metal and hollow, which ensures buoyancy and enables the superstructure on which the men cluster to stand well up above the surface of the water. The second illustration shows the fine, calm, "Birkenhead" stamp of courage which all on board evinced. The soldiers not only left the ship mostly laughing and joking, but, as seen here, also stopped for a moment for one of the survivors to take a camera snapshot of them—a fine proof of calmness.

THE SINKING OF THE TRANSPORT "IVERNIA": SURVIVORS IN DIFFICULTIES.



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM ON BOARD THE TORPEDOED SHIP: ONE OF THE BOATS SWAMPED BY THE BREAKING WAVES.

The transport "Ivernia" was a former Cunard liner employed on war service. As mentioned under our other two photographs on the opposite page, she was sunk by an enemy submarine in the Mediterranean on January 1 while carrying troops, but happily the loss of life on the occasion was much less than might reasonably have been expected. According to the later Admiralty revised announcement, based, it was stated, on "detailed information," 120 of the military on board were missing, and 33 of the crew. The weather was rough at the time, and the ship's boats which took off the survivors were,

in their crowded condition, often in great peril before the rescuing patrol-boats and other vessels, summoned to the scene by wireless messages, could arrive and take up the men. One of the "Ivernia's" boats which was swamped in a heavy sea is shown in the above illustration at the moment that the waves broke in over the gunwale and just before the boat filled. Men wearing life-belts are seen swimming in the water all round, and others a little way off, while some are keeping afloat by holding on to the swamped boat. The photograph was taken from on board the sinking "Ivernia."



"ONE OF OUR SEAPLANES FAILED TO RETURN."

"One of our seaplanes failed to return." Such is an official note that is appended now and again, happily at rare intervals, at the end of Admiralty reports of naval air-raids. These announcements of mishaps, however, are fortunately infrequent and tend to become fewer and fewer, although seaplane raids, of which little is said, take place on a large scale and as frequently as before.

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SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY

IN QUEST OF
THE BOOKOF SACRED
SCIENCE.THE GOLDEN TABLE, WHICH SUIDAS BELIEVED TO BE A ROLL OF
THE SECRET OF GOLD-MAKING: THE ARGONAUTS

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

WET FEET AND THE TRENCHES.

THERE are few of us by this time who have not relatives or friends who have suffered by what is known as trench-foot. Men who have to stand or sit for several hours in trenches knee-deep in water or mud find that they sooner or later get wounds on the feet which prove slow to heal, break out again and again, and bring with them other consequences which may sometimes render necessary amputation of one or more toes or even of the whole foot. At first this was thought to be due to frost-bite, but it was soon recognised as a disease peculiar to trench-dwellers, and that it was best prevented by keeping the feet as dry as possible, whence the provision of india-rubber thigh-boots or "waders."

These are the facts, but the explanation has hitherto escaped us. The theory of frost-bite was ruled out by the observation that the temperature at the bottom of a trench, although low enough, seldom sank below freezing-point; while, when it did, the soldiers' feet did not get very wet. Then came the more logical idea that the constriction of the blood-vessels of the legs and feet caused by tightly laced boots and well-rolled putties might have a good deal to do with it. For this there is much to be said, and, as every visitor to the Somme and the Ancre cinematograph films can bear witness, the men now take off their putties before putting on their trench-boots, to the great improvement of their health and comfort. Other theories more or less fantastic have been put forward from time to time without gaining that general acceptance which Professor Karl Pearson tells us is necessary to every scientific theory before it can be accepted as sound; and now Dr. Nepean Longridge—who, as a Lieutenant in the R.A.M.C., speaks with a practical knowledge of the facts—announces that he has discovered the true cause of trench-foot in the degeneration of the cells of the foot-tissues caused by the leakage of electricity from the body.

This theory, which Dr. Longridge sets out in the *Lancet* of Jan. 13 and illustrates by many experiments made on himself, is in its turn founded on a postulate of Mr. E. F. Baines which Dr. Longridge tells us was published some three years ago in a work on electropathology. This is, as he puts it, that the brain and spinal cord are the great generators of electricity within

the human organism, and that the nerves act as insulated conductors of the current. Without seeing Mr. Baines's book, it is difficult to guess by what arguments he supports this dogma, because the speed at which nervous action is propagated is so very much less than that at which an electric current is transmitted by the worst conductor that it is difficult to see any parallel between the two. All Dr. Longridge's experiments go to show only that the electricity of the body, however generated,

across a thickly carpeted room and to draw with his bare knuckle a spark from the forehead or nose of a (preferably) sleeping companion of maturer years. Here the electricity appears to come not from the brain, but from the shuffling of the feet upon the wool of the carpet. That there are currents generated within the body can indeed be shown from Dubois Reymond's experiment with two bowls of water, or with Einthoven's string galvanometer; but at least one theory is that they are due to the friction of the nerves or muscles against their respective sheaths.

Such technical matters apart, however, there are many arguments that may be adduced against Dr. Longridge's theory that loss of electricity causes trench-foot. Dr. Leonard Hill, to whom he wrote on the subject, seems to have asked how it was that fishes, fishermen, and Channel swimmers did not suffer from diseases of the same kind: to which Dr. Longridge triumphantly replies that fishes and Channel swimmers are covered with a layer, in the first case, of insulating mucus, and in the second, of porpoise-oil discharging the same duty; while fishermen do not keep wet for long.

In the case of the fish, he might, perhaps, have remembered the sting-ray and the electric eel, neither of which is sufficiently insulated to prevent its using its electric charges as a weapon. These do indeed generate a current far surpassing the tiny ones which the warm-blooded mammal can produce on his own account and without apparatus. But what shall we say of the Polar bear, the London cab-horse, and the shivering beggar in his broken boots, who all of them keep their feet for long periods in contact with wet earth without suffering from anything resembling trench-foot?

It would seem to follow then that, even if Mr. Baines's postulate could be established, it can hardly be the loss of electricity which causes trench-foot. None the less, Dr. Longridge's advice as to how to prevent it appears most sound and practical. He would have the men in the trenches grease their feet with dielectric ointment, wrap them in gauze soaked in oil, and wear thick woollen socks or stockings and rubber boots. All this is excellent; but the treatment would seem to depend for its efficiency not so much in keeping the electricity in as in keeping the water out. F. L.

SCIENTIFIC WARFARE IN TWO ELEMENTS: AN ALLIED HYDROPLANE IN THE ADRIATIC
SETTING OUT ON A MISSION.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

leaks away if the body be, as electricians say, "earthed" by being placed directly on a good conductor, such as a plate of metal or in a pool of water. He is doubtless quite right in attributing this to the diminished resistance of the skin. But this we knew already. In the clear, dry, and therefore insulating atmosphere of a Canadian winter, it is no uncommon joke for a mischievous child to shuffle

electric eel, neither of which is sufficiently insulated to prevent its using its electric charges as a weapon. These do indeed generate a current far surpassing the tiny ones which the warm-blooded mammal can produce on his own account and without apparatus. But what shall we say of the Polar bear, the London cab-horse, and the shivering beggar in his broken boots, who all of them keep their feet for long periods in contact with wet earth without suffering from anything resembling trench-foot?

SCIENTIFIC NAVAL WARFARE: AN ALLIED SUBMARINE IN THE ADRIATIC COMING INTO PORT AT DAYBREAK.
[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

GETTING THEIR "SEA-LEGS": MOTOR-BUS "CONDUCTRESSES" TRAINING.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



LONDON GIRLS FOR MOTOR-BUSES: A TRIAL TRIP TO ACCUSTOM THEM TO KEEP THEIR BALANCE AND KNOW THEIR ROUTE.

There may at first have been an instinctive feeling that the work of a conductor upon a motor-bus, voyaging through a sea of London mud and a maze of London traffic, might well prove too arduous for women, even in these days when the world of women has been revolutionised by the necessities of war-time. This apprehension, however, proved groundless, and the girl conductor on London's motor-buses and trams has proved a great success. She is neat in appearance, quick at her work, and, above all, tactful and polite, ever ready to lend a helping hand to infirm old people or little children. Nor does she fail in the more strenuous part of her duties. In the thickest

fog London has had for years she was to be seen running along beside her vehicle, guiding the driver with her electric torch. She is always careful, too, to keep the outside seats covered during rainy weather. Part of her training consists in being taken for a trial trip on the route where she is likely to be employed, to acquire her "sea-legs," so to speak, and to learn the different fares and names of stopping-places. This is an excellent plan, for London geography takes a good deal of learning; and when girls first took to "conducting," some of them had serious falls before they had become accustomed to keeping their balance.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

CAMPAIGNING IN THE BALKANS: WITH THE BRITISH AND THE SERBS.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS



ON A CROSS-COUNTRY MARCH IN OPEN WEATHER: BRITISH TROOPS PUTTING UP SHELTER-TENTS FOR A TEMPORARY HALT FOR A NIGHT.



TRAPPED IN A MUD-HOLE ON A ROAD OWING TO THE GENERAL COVERING OF THE COUNTRY WITH SNOW: SERBIANS DIGGING OUT A TRANSPORT-OX WHICH WAS RESCUED UNINJURED

A temporary camping ground of British troops belonging to the Balkan Army is shown in the upper illustration. The men, as seen, have not long arrived in the locality, and are only occupying the place for a night or so in the course of their march, for which brief halting period the erection of the light shelter-tents shown suffices. Some of the tents are already up. Others have their canvas sides laid out ready for erection. The tent pattern is one originally invented by the French and first used in the Crimean War. It is now in general use in all armies. Two men carry the various parts between them,

with their knapsacks and marching-kit. One looks after the poles and rope-gear, and the top canvas ridge-strip. The other takes the two lengths of side canvas, which button together and are laid over a light ridge-rope or jointed pole in some cases.—The second illustration, also from the Salonika Army on the Balkan Front, shows a scene with the Serbians. Owing to the snow covering the ground, the draught animals blunder blindly into pitfalls, from which they have to be dug out, being mostly got up alive, as in the case of the draught-ox seen in the illustration.

CAMPAIGNING IN THE BALKANS: SHELLING THE ENEMY OVER THE HILLS.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS



A BRITISH LIGHT HOWITZER OF POWERFUL TYPE BOMBARDING A HOSTILE POSITION OUT OF DIRECT VIEW: LOADING THE GUN.



A BRITISH LIGHT HOWITZER OF 6-INCH CALIBRE BOMBARDING A HOSTILE POSITION BEYOND DIRECT VIEW: A MOMENT AFTER FIRING.

A British light howitzer of 6-inch calibre, and stated to be of a new and very powerful type, capable of being transported over any kind of difficult ground, with which our forces on the Balkan Front, among others, are equipped, is seen on this page during action, in two stages. The first stage, shown in the upper illustration, represents the howitzer being loaded. Two gunners are seen at the breech of the piece, while another is a pace or two in rear, holding a shell ready for insertion into the breech (the second figure from the left in the photograph). According to the published tables in gunnery

reference-books, the weight of the projectiles used with ordnance of the calibre of the howitzer seen is just 100 lb., which is generally assumed as the limit of weight at which a gun can be "fed" by man-power.—The howitzer, in the second illustration, is seen a moment after firing. In both illustrations the netting and tarpaulins used for laying over isolated guns when not in action, and for covering the gunners' dug-out shelters near by, with bushy boughs and branches of leaves laid on top, as screens against enemy aircraft observation, are seen spread on the ground.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, WESTON, MOULL, STEARN, HEATH, CHANCELLOR, HARNETT, WRATHER AND RUYE, MAUD, AND FALL.



COLONEL F. EDMOND KENT,
(Commanding R.A. Section, Northern Command Depot). Son of late Rev. F. E. Kent.
Fought with distinction in S. Africa.



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CAPT. F. HENRY WARE,
London Regt. Son of the late Mr. C. Tayler Ware, Phillimore Gardens.



MAJOR F. G. GREENSTREET,
I.A., att'd. Gloucester Regt. Son of Colonel W. L. Greenstreet, R.E. Killed in action.



CAPT. AND FLIGHT-COMMR. J. W. W. NASON,
R. Sussex Regt., att'd. R.F.C. Son of late C. St. S. R. Nason, M.A., M.D.



CAPT. W. BANNATYNE MACLEOD,
Pioneers, Indian Expeditionary Force. Killed in action.



2ND LIEUT. R. B. W. VINTER, M.C.,
Worcester Regt. Son of Capt. S. G. Vinter, R.A.M.C.



CAPT. JOHN KEKEWICH,
E. Kent Regt. Son of Mr. L. P. Kekewich, formerly of Kidbrooke Park, Forest Row.



CAPTAIN O. CHARLES WARD,
Indian Infantry. Son of late Major Espine C. R. Ward, R.A.M.C., and of Mrs. Ward, Castleconnell.



CAPTAIN R. A. B. CHANCELLOR,
R. Berks Regt. Son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Beresford Chancellor, Wargrave, Berks. Killed in action.



CAPT. HAROLD E. RUDMAN,
Gloucester Regt. Son of Mrs. Rudman, of Clifton, Bristol.



MAJ. LORD CORELL, D.S.O., R.F.A. Son of the former President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division.



CAPT. C. C. B. WARD,
N. Staffordshire Regt. Son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ward, of Chiswick.



CAPTAIN J. NORMAN ARMSTRONG,
Northumberland Fusiliers. Son of Councillor and Mrs. I. Armstrong, of Morpeth. Killed in action.



LT.-COL. J. HOLBERTON WHITEHEAD,
(Commanding Indian Infantry). Son of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Whitehead, of Torquay.



2ND LT. O. H. C. ODELL,
London Regt. Son of late Mr. T. H. Odell, of Preston, and of Mrs. Odell, of Cretton.



2ND LIEUT. "KIT" GELL,
W. Yorks Regt. Son of the Rev. Canon Gell, and grandson of late Sir Richard Gell.



LT. MACLAREN GORDON,
Canadian Expeditionary Force. Son of late Mr. James Gordon, of Prince Edward Island.



MAJOR H. FRANCIS CLIFFORD,
Gloucestershire Yeomanry. Son of late Mr. H. J. Clifford, of Frampton Court, and of Mrs. Clifford, Frampton Grange, Stonehouse.



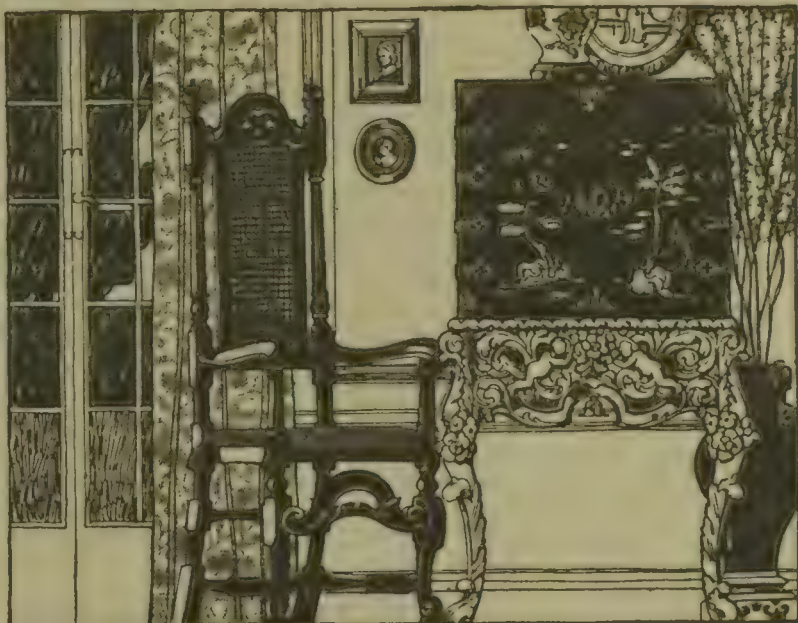
2ND LIEUT. H. M. CLUE,
King's Own Royal Lancaster Regt. Officially reported as killed in action.



LIEUT. H. G. DE LISLE BUSH, M.C.,
Gloucestershire Regt. A keen rider to hounds.



SUB-LIEUT. A. REGINALD HART,
Hood Battalion, R.N. Division. Officially reported killed.



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THE DOG IN WAR: A FRENCH LISTENING-POST AT NIGHT.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



A CANINE SCOUT AT A POINT D'ÉCOUTE: AN AIREDALE TERRIER ON NIGHT DUTY WITH A FRENCH SOLDIER LISTENING FOR THE ENEMY.

Some wonderful stories are told of the exploits of dogs serving with the French Army. They are divided into five classes—watch dogs, patrol dogs, messengers, ambulance dogs, and pack dogs. A watch dog never barks, but indicates the presence or approach of enemies by a low growl, or merely by a pricking of the ears and an expectant attitude. One night, it is said, a newly trained dog was taken to a front-line trench, and within a quarter of an hour nosed out a German listening-post which had escaped notice for two

months. Fire-rockets were sent up in the direction to which the dog "pointed," and three Germans were discovered near the French lines. The French Society for the Protection of Animals has decorated with gold collars a number of dogs that had done valuable service connected with the war. Latterly, French dogs have been taught to wear gas-masks and go through poison-clouds. Our drawing shows one of Major Richardson's famous Airedale terriers on duty at night.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

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WILLIAM FITZTHOMAS WYLEY, Esq., Coventry.

HEAD OFFICE: 5, THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Joint General Managers: J. M. MADDERS, S. B. MURRAY, F. HYDE, E. W. WOOLLEY.

Secretary: E. J. MORRIS.

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, 31st December, 1916.

Dr.	LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, 31st December, 1916.	Cr.
To Capital Paid up, viz:—		
£2 10s. 0d. per Share on		
1,912,317 Shares of £12		
each	4,780,792 10	
Reserve Fund	4,000,000 0 0	
Dividend payable on 1st		
February, 1917	322,703 9 11	
Balance of Profit and Loss		
Account, as below	243,538 5 10	
	9,347,034 5 9	
Current, Deposit and other		
Accounts	174,620,724 17 9	
Acceptances on account of		
Customers	7,220,780 12 2	
	£191,188,539 15 8	
By Cash in hand (including Gold		
Coin £7,000,000) and		
Cash at Bank of England	47,973,686 4 4	
Money at Call and at Short		
Notice and Stock Exchange		
Loans	8,844,377 19 10	
Investments:—		
War Loans, at cost (of		
which £1,490,000 is		
lodged for Public and		
other Accounts) and		
other British Govern-		
ment Securities	33,399,534 13 6	
Stocks Guaranteed by the		
British Government,		
India Stocks, Indian		
Railway Guaranteed		
Stocks and Debentures	326,406 10 0	
British Railway Debenture		
and Preference Stocks,		
British Corporation		
Stocks	1,924,813 0 4	
Colonial and Foreign Govern-		
ment Stocks and		
Bonds	751,520 12 11	
Sundry Investments	788,021 0 10	
Bills of Exchange	23,336,817 0 9	
	117,345,177 2 6	
Advances on Current Ac-		
counts, Loans on Security		
and other Accounts	63,868,856 17 4	
Liabilities of Customers for		
Acceptances as per contra	7,220,780 12 2	
Bank Premises, at Head		
Office and Branches	2,753,725 3 8	
	£191,188,539 15 8	

PROFIT & LOSS ACCOUNT for the year ending 31st December, 1916.

Dr.	PROFIT & LOSS ACCOUNT for the year ending 31st December, 1916.	Cr.
To Interim Dividend at the rate		
of 18 per cent. per annum		
for the half-year ending		
30th June, 1916, less In-		
come Tax	344,217 1 3	
Dividend payable on 1st		
February, 1917, at the rate		
of 18 per cent. per annum,		
less Income Tax	322,703 9 11	
Investment Account	632,501 0 6	
Payment of Salaries to Mem-		
bers of the Staff serving		
with His Majesty's Forces		
and Bonus to others	207,606 13 2	
Balance carried forward to		
next account	243,538 5 10	
	£1,750,566 10 8	
By Balance from last Account	113,597 15 2	
Net profits for the year end-		
ing 31st December, 1916,		
after providing for all		
Bad and Doubtful Debts	1,636,968 15 6	
	£1,750,566 10 8	

EDWARD H. HOLDEN, Chairman and Managing Director, H. SIMPSON GEE, Directors
W. G. BRADSHAW, Deputy-Chairman, PERCY E. BATES, Directors

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK LIMITED.

In accordance with the provisions of Sub-section 2 of Section 113 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, we report as follows:—

We have examined the above Balance Sheet in detail with the Books at Head Office and with the certified Returns from the Branches. We have satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the Cash Balances and the Bills of Exchange and have verified the correctness of the Money at Call and Short Notice. We have also verified the Securities representing the Investments of the Bank, and having obtained all the information and explanations we have required, we are of opinion that such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Company.

LONDON, 11th January, 1917.

WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, Chartered Accountants, Auditors



Speed up the OUTPUT

As the great army of munition workers—and war workers—increases, so does the demand for hot OXO.



exactly meets their needs.

It is a particularly dependable support for those who have to work long and irregular hours. It helps to speed up the output; it gives sustenance and increases vitality to withstand the effects of working in inclement winter weather.

A cup of hot OXO is made in a moment and, with a few biscuits, helps one to carry on for hours.



OXO Ltd., The Oxo House, E.C.

BULMER'S

CHAMPAGNE

CIDER

DON'T DRINK EXPENSIVE WINES

BULMER'S CIDER IS ECONOMICAL. Its sale reduces imports.

PREPARED UNDER EXACTLY THE SAME PROCESS AS CHAMPAGNE.

WARDS OFF GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet.

Manufacturers:
H. P. BULMER & CO., Hereford.Wholesale London & Export Agents:
FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD & CO., Ltd., London Bridge, S.E.

DIPLOMATIC REMINISCENCES.

AT the present moment everything to do with recent Berlin politics, as leading up to the world-war, compels public attention. Mr. Sidney Whitman has therefore been well advised in timing just now the appearance of his most interesting book of diplomatic reminiscences and general experiences, "Things I Remember" (Cassell). As an American journalist of the first rank in Europe, with exceptional credentials, Mr. Whitman has had for years past exceptional facilities and opportunities for going everywhere, seeing everything, and getting special information at first hand and in the highest quarters. He has known how to make the best use of them. A personal friend of Prince Bismarck and of the Bismarck family during his earlier visits to Berlin as correspondent of the *New York Herald*, he was at the centre of European politics at a very critical moment. He was enabled thus to witness the first shaping of the system and methods which culminated eventually in the ultimatums to Russia and France in August 1914. After that followed other visits to Berlin at intervals, during which Mr. Whitman had further opportunities for interviews and meetings with some of the leading men who are responsible for bringing about the present war, and who also guided German

in the German national character within the past twenty years—practically since the Kruger telegram—as regards its attitude to England, and its rapidly progressive stages of moral degradation under "Kaiserism," is one of the best books of the kind which should make everybody want to read it, if only for some of the revelations that are made. There is in it also a great deal about political tendencies among the Russian people during the transition and semi-revolutionary period following the Russo-Japanese War tragedy. Mr. Whitman was at Moscow while momentous events were taking place there, and looked into things for himself. Written in an easy, flowing, and at times almost conversational style, "Things I Remember" can hardly fail to find a wide public ready for it.

The large number of our military and sporting readers all over the world to whom the name and fame of G. E. Lewis and Sons, of the gun and rifle

works, Lower Loveday Street, Birmingham, are household words, will learn with regret that the founder of the firm, Mr. G. E. Lewis, has passed away at the great age of eighty-eight. He was for seventy years in the gun trade, and was busily engaged in rifle-making during the American War. He leaves two sons, both experts in the business, and the younger one a champion rifle shot who holds valuable trophies, and the brothers will continue to superintend the famous works.

The 1917 issue of "The Royal Navy List, or Who's Who in the Navy" (Witherby) continues the same general features as in the issues for the past two years of war as to the personnel of the Navy and the war services of all officers. The special War Supplement, however, which is the most important section of the whole volume at the present time, runs this year to nearly three times the size of that in the previous years' volumes.

The book is brought very closely up to date, and includes the latest honours. The 1917 issue contains also a very complete diary of naval events from the outbreak of war to Dec. 15, 1916.

It also includes Admiral Jellicoe's Jutland despatch for purposes of reference.

With the recently published edition for 1917 (its thirty-second year), "The New Hazell Annual and



FOOTBALL ON THE SALONIKA FRONT: KICKING A GOAL.

So full of actuality and movement is this photograph of an inter-company football match, played on the Salonika Front on Christmas Day, that one can almost hear the shouts of the contending forces.—[British Official Photograph.]



DOMESTICITIES ON THE SALONIKA FRONT: THE SOLDIERS' WASHING-DAY.

Cleanliness is a passion with our troops, and when the conventional clothes-line is unavailable, they are content to stand on an inverted tub and enlist the aid of hedges and bushes as "drying ground."—[British Official Photograph.]

diplomacy in particular during the sabre-rattling period at the times of the European crises of 1905, 1909, and 1911. The light that the author throws on the amazing alteration

Almanack" passes under the joint control of the Oxford University Press and Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Along with this change of proprietorship, the contents of this well-known and extremely useful book of reference have been considerably amplified, while its characteristic features have been retained. Matters connected with the war, including a concise summary of events, with maps, naturally occupy a good deal of space. At the same time, the volume continues to give "information concerning the British Empire, the nations of the world, and all the important topics of the day, together with much astronomical and other useful matter." The book has been edited by Mr. T. A. Ingram, M.A., LL.D.

It would be gilding refined gold to praise that wonderful production, "The Post Office London Directory for 1917," published by Kelly's Directories, Ltd., but it may be stated that nothing could be more monumental in size, or as a feat of industry and care applied to a work which is absolutely indispensable. Clear print, good paper, well printed and comprehensive maps of London proper and the County Suburbs, all are features of this year's issue, and it may be mentioned that this is the 118th annual publication of this unique volume.

**'To CURE—is the Voice of the Past.
To PREVENT—is the Divine Whisper of the Present.'**



INDOOR WORKERS.

When brainwork, nerve strain, and lack of exercise make you feel languid—tired—"blue"—a little

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient for over 40 years has been the standard remedy for constipation, biliousness, impure blood and indigestion.

It is pleasant and convenient to take, gentle in action, positive in results. The safest and most dependable digestive regulator.

It is *not* from what a man swallows, but from what he digests *that* the blood is made, and remember that the first act of digestion is chewing the food *thoroughly*, and that it is only through doing so that you can reasonably expect a good digestion.

Unsuitable food and eating between meals are a main cause of indigestion, &c., because introducing a fresh mass of food into the mass already partly dissolved arrests the healthy action of the stomach, and causes the food first received to lie until incipient fermentation takes place.

A judicious Rule.—"1st, Restrain your appetite, and get always up from the table with a desire to eat more. 2nd, Do not touch anything that does not agree with your stomach, be it most agreeable to the palate." These rules have been adopted in principle by all dieticians of eminence, and we recommend their use.

'A LITTLE at the RIGHT TIME, is better than Much and Running Over at the Wrong.'

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' IS SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND STORES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Prepared only by

J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'Fruit Salt' Works, LONDON, S.E.

"ENGINEERS"—The Captain.



In the old days I used to think Pontoon Bridge building a bit risky; but now when you are dodging a sniper and there's a good half-mile of wiring to be done... you can forgive a man if he gets the "wind up a bit." But he'll soon settle down if you have an "Army Club" Cigarette to give him. Trust the "R.E.s" for knowing a good thing.

CAVANDER'S "Army Club" CIGARETTES

20 for 9d., 50 for 1/10½, 100 for 3/9.

Packets of 10 can be obtained in those convenient paper pockets for 4½d.

For a mellow, non-bite mixture.
try Cavander's "Army" Mixture,
7½d. per oz. 2½ lb. tin.

CAVANDER'S, Glasgow. The Firm of Three Centuries.

BENGER'S

For Infants, Invalids, and the Aged.

Whenever special feeding is required, there is a case for Benger's Food.

Benger's is prepared with fresh new milk, and forms a dainty and delicious food cream in which both the Food and the milk have been automatically made suitable for the weakest digestion.

Benger's Food contains the natural elements of self-digestion. Medical men know and approve its contents, and under their authority it is used in civil, military, and naval hospitals — infirmaries, sanatoria, convalescent and nursing institutions.

"Benger's Food and How to Use it."—A little work of authority on the feeding of infants, invalids, and the aged, post free on application to—
BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Otter Works, MANCHESTER.
Branch Offices: NEW YORK (U.S.A.), 90, Beekman St.,
SYDNEY (N.S.W.), 117, Pitt St., and Depots throughout CANADA.
Sold in tins by all Chemists, etc., everywhere.



THE ENCHANTING LIGHT.

THE most artistic and pleasing effects in the illumination of a Dining Table or a Drawing Room can

only be obtained by the use of a soft light; otherwise subtle contrasts in light and shade are impossible. The mellow light of

PRICE'S CANDLES

casts the softest of shadows.

Its restful rays emit no enervating glare, while, to quote the words of an authority on the subject, "through hereditary association of ideas, its warm, orange-yellow colour suggests to the mind brightness and mirth."

GRAND PRIZE PARASTRINE SHADE CANDLES
for use with Shades.

GOLD MEDAL PALMITINE CANDLES
for general use.

Of all Dealers in High Grade Candles.



STEWART'S WHISKY *Its Goodwill*

J & G. STEWART, Ltd., enjoy the permanent goodwill of discriminating people all over the world, because the firm has always catered for the connoisseur and has never disappointed him.

The man who knows recommends Stewart's Whisky because he is acquainted with its consistently good quality, and he is certain that his recommendation will not only uphold, but even strengthen, his reputation as a connoisseur.

"Gold Medal," "Finest," & "Nonpareil" Brands.

J. & G. STEWART, Ltd., Bonnington, Edinburgh;
Temple Bar House, 23-28 Fleet Street, London & at Manchester.

POEMS IN WAR-TIME.

"PUNCH" and the brilliant satires of its editor have been a valuable asset for keeping up the spirits of the nation during the war. Time and again Sir Owen Seaman gets home with the rapier of his wit through the joints of Germany's armour of pride and hypocrisy. In his new volume of verse, "Made in England" (Constable), is gathered a collection of the finest of his war poems. The Kaiser and "Weary Willie, Junior," "Ferdie," and the Turk, are, of course, his favourite objectives, but there are many others. In "More Peace-Talk in Berlin" he thus apostrophises the Supreme War Lord—

Strange you should turn so suddenly humane,
So sick of ravage and the
... gore!
... come that Ver-
dun's long-drawn strain
Makes you perspire at each
Imperial pore?
Or that your nerve's
mis-laid
Through cardiac trouble
caused by our Block-
ade?

In lighter vein, what could be happier than "A Balkan Nursery Rhyme" and "The Kaiser on Kilimanjaro"?

Mr. Harold Begbie's "Fighting Lines and Various Reinforcements" (Constable) contains some of his best verse, and his best is of considerable quality. Mr. Begbie can write well both in the dialect of the soldier and in the formal literary language of the scholar. Of the former style there are good examples here in "Tenpenny Dick States the Facts," "Handing Down," the recruiting song, "Fall In," and "The Walls of Jellicoe" (by an A.B.)—

He's the loneliest bloke at sea,
and, thank God, it isn't me,
but you're safe while he is keeping up his end;
He is Admiral Issimo, which is Johnny Jellicoe, and I hope you'll
breathe his name in all your prayers—*don't forget!*
For he's You and Me and All, and if his old walls should fall,
Earth would close for alterations and repairs—*Burn the map!*
The sentiment still applies to the "walls" of Beatty.

There are several odes and other pieces on such subjects as King Edward, the first Imperial Press Conference, Lord Fisher, and Nelson's last prayer before Trafalgar.

There will be a fine anthology of poems of the great war to be compiled one day. That time has not come yet, but meanwhile one has come to hand, made for educational purposes, which far surpasses most of those hitherto available in up-to-date interest. It is called "Realms of Melody" (Macmillan), and has been edited by Mr. Geoffrey

Burlesque and Parody; Humour; Fairyland; and so on. Living poets, as well as the great dead, have been laid under contribution, including Kipling, Newbolt, Alfred Noyes, William Watson, John Masefield, and the Poet Laureate, Robert Bridges. Several of the patriotic poems given have been composed during the present war. In the humorous sections, Gilbert and Lewis Carroll figure among the older favourites. This element of modernity is altogether admirable and should make this well-conceived anthology widely popular.



THE PASSING OF A GREAT CHIEFTAIN: THE EIGHTH DUKE OF ATHOLL AT THE FUNERAL OF HIS FATHER.

The funeral of the late Duke of Atholl took place at Blair Atholl, on Tuesday, January 23. The new Duke of Atholl is seen in our photograph standing on the right of the coffin. The service was simple but most impressive, and was conducted by the Rev. Donald Lamond, minister of the Atholl parish, in front of the Castle. The coffin, wrapped in the Murray tartan, rested for a time in the main hall. The late Duke's decorations, including the ensign of the Order of the Thistle, his chief's cup, and a wreath of oak leaves, were borne by the Marquess of Tullibardine as a tribute from the family. A salute of guns was fired as the procession left the castle. Among the pall-bearers were the Marquess of Tullibardine and Mr. D. A. Tod (son-in-law). Telegrams of sympathy were sent by the King and Queen, the Duke of Connaught, Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll), and the Sultan of Egypt.—[Photograph by G.N.]

Callender, F.R.H.S., head of the History and English Department at the Royal Naval College, Osborne. The volume can be heartily recommended both for school use and as a gift-book. It is arranged on novel lines in fourteen "realms," such as England; Romance; Heroes and Heroines; Battle; The Sea, Ships, and Sailors;

weatherproof, a distinguished top-coat, a motoring wrap, sporting suit, or smart modish gown for a small outlay cannot do better than write to Burberrys for a copy of their sale catalogue, or spend half-an-hour at this famous Haymarket House inspecting the bargains.

We learn that the amount subscribed to war charities by the employees of the Birmingham Small Arms Company, Ltd., Birmingham, from Sept. 4, 1914, to Dec. 31, 1916, totals over £18,000.

We regret that in our page "For King and Country: Officers on the Roll of Honour," in our last issue, a portrait was incorrectly described as that of Second Lieutenant P. J. Bellairs, Shropshire Light Infantry. It should have been described as that of Captain P. J. Bellasis, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Dalglish Bellasis, of Sundorne Castle, Shrewsbury.

The name of "Burberrys" suggests reliability so instinctively that it is not surprising that the firm's customers have been seizing the opportunity of buying Burberry garments at one half the usual price, but there are still a number of bargains to be had for very little money before the sale ends. The whole stock of men's and women's 1916 garments, as well as a number of models from short lengths of cloth, are offered at clearing prices. Anyone requiring a reliable

Bell's THREE NUNS TOBACCO

When the day's work is done, there is prolonged delight in this sweet, slow-smoking mixture—satisfaction for the appreciative palate, and an æsthetic pleasure in its cool fragrance that distinguishes "Three Nuns" from every other pipe tobacco.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow.

"King's Head" is similar but stronger.

BOTH ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

PER **8^d** OZ.

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES.

MEDIUM. 4d. for 10.

1/7 for 50 in cardboard boxes.

No. 521

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Steam v. Petrol. It is a long time ago since the comparative merits and drawbacks of the steam-car and the internal-combustion engined vehicles were debated, and a decision given in favour of the latter. The popularity of the one, coupled with the virtual disappearance of the other, is evidence enough of the overwhelming victory of the petrol car. All the same, I do not think the last word has been said. There is, I am convinced, still a field of usefulness open to the steam vehicle if anyone cares to exploit it. Of course, steam has proved itself very successful in the realm of the heavy industrial

passengers and luggage for a hundred miles. If a steam-car, burning a low-grade fuel, will take me that hundred miles for two-thirds of what it will cost to do the journey in the same time and with the same comfort in a petrol-car, then I don't care what the relative thermal efficiencies may be. What I am concerned with is the relative costs of running the two vehicles—all other things, of course, being equal. By equality, I mean that the steam-car must compare favourably with its rival in the matter of reliability and convenience. In the matter of ease and flexibility of running and of simplicity of construction, the steam-car has it every time. At one time the steamer looked like attaining a considerable vogue, in spite of the disabilities

under which it laboured in its early days. The first of the importations from America was, perhaps, one of the least satisfactory cars that even those early days produced, but it had a fairly good boiler. Then we had a succession of steadily improving steamers, culminating in a type which at all points compared very favourably with the petrol vehicle. When it seemed well on the high road to a permanent place in popular favour, it suddenly collapsed. The reasons of this fall from grace were to be looked for in a direction altogether apart from the car itself. However good the car may be in itself, it cannot retain its hold unless the commercial policy behind it is right. But, in spite of the fate that has overtaken previous attempts to popularise steam, I believe there is still room for the principle. As a matter of fact, there is even now one steamer that has a decided vogue in the North; and what can be done by one can be accomplished by another.

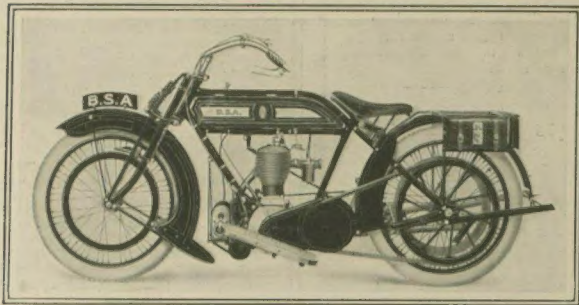
A British Oil-Field.

In England. In the course of a recent lecture to the Institute of Petroleum Technologists, he said that, while the districts which had yielded oil in commercial quantities up to the present were situated in the North of Britain, there were indications in the south and east of vast quantities of oil-shale, and all the evidence pointed to the oil being within drilling depth. An important and practically inexhaustible source of mineral oil had been proved to exist in Norfolk, and it should be possible to intersect the oil-

sands at between 2500 and 3000 feet. The thickness of the sands containing the oil could not be measured, but from the enormous quantities of oil which had escaped into the oil-shale series of West Norfolk, the underground retaining structures must be of considerable extent and should still contain vast quantities of petroleum. Oil had been obtained by drilling at Kelham, near Newark, where it was met with at about 2440 feet. It was undoubtedly a true petroleum, and though it contained no petrol, would provide a valuable fuel-oil. Apart from the oil-sands, says Dr. Forbes-Leslie, there is a great deposit of oil in the Norfolk shale. These deposits are of great extent, involving hundreds, possibly thousands, of millions of tons, each ton of which may contain an average of 30 to 40 gallons of oil, 75 per cent. being in the form of free oil. Apparently, the lecturer did not tell his audience whether the Norfolk shale oils contain petrol. The formations, however, have the same characteristics as the Scottish shales, from which a considerable quantity of petrol is recovered. Nor did he say anything definite regarding any plans that may have been formed for developing and working these alleged vast reserves.

The Daimler Company's Good Work.

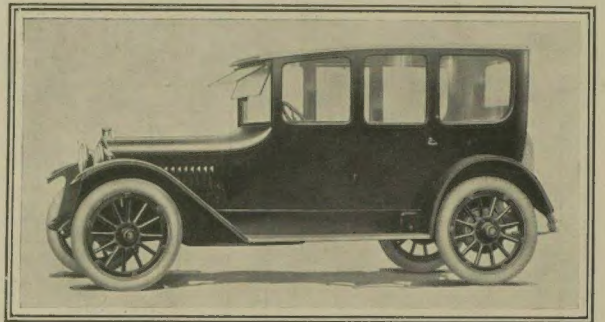
Since the beginning of the war, the employees of the Daimler Company have subscribed no less than £10,000 for the purpose of assisting the families of those of the firm's staff who have joined the colours for service in the war. A feature of the fund is an emergency reserve of £2500 which has been invested



A NOTABLE MOTOR BICYCLE: THE B.S.A., MODEL H.

This finely modelled motor bicycle is a B.S.A. 4½-h.p., counter-shaft, three-speed gear model, with chain-drive, and is produced at a moderate cost by the Birmingham Small Arms Company.

car, and has attained a place from which its rival will have some difficulty in ousting it. But it is not with the industrial vehicle that I am concerned now, but with the touring or "pleasure" car. It is in that direction that I believe there is a chance for the steamer to get back some measure of favour. The engineer will tell me that it is on grounds of pure efficiency that the petrol car has made good. Theoretically, the proper place for the combustion of fuel is on top of the pistons, and not in a furnace in which most of the gases of combustion escape by way of the flue, and where we lose a further substantial proportion through radiation from steam-pipes. That being so, the case might be considered closed in favour of the internal-combustion principle were we only concerned with the theories of thermal efficiency. There are other factors, however, that enter into the question, and these are at least as important as any of the theories. As a motorist, I do not care the proverbial row of pins about the purely theoretical aspects. Whether the fuel efficiency of my engine reaches the laboratory figure of 28 per cent. or falls as low as 19 per cent. has only an academic interest. What does interest me, however, is what it is going to cost me to carry four



A HANDSOME FIVE-SEATER CAR: A HUPMOBILE FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN.

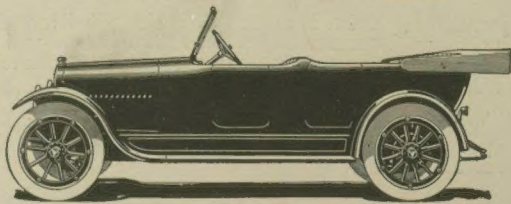
This commodious car is equipped with electric starting and lighting system, exclusive Hupmobile tail light, variable dimmer on headlights, and every up-to-date detail. The handsome and perfectly appointed car is manufactured by the well-known Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.

for the benefit of the dependents of those who have lost their lives or who have been disabled, in the country's service.

W. W.

HUDSON SUPER - SIX

Breaks Edge's 24-Hour Record



A Hudson Super-Six broke the 24-hour record made over nine years ago by S. F. Edge in England. The Super-Six went 238 miles farther, travelled ten miles per hour faster, and covered 1819 miles in the 24 hours at an average rate of 75.8 miles per hour.

The Super-Six that made this record, under the supervision of the American Automobile Association, was a stock car chassis with a racing body. It had the same patented Super-Six motor, the same chassis used on the 25,000 Super-Sixes sold in 1916.

Now the Super-Six holds all worthwhile stock car records: One mile at the rate of 102.53 miles per hour.

Across the great American Continent from San Francisco to New York and back to San Francisco—6,952 miles in

10 days, 21 hrs., 14 min.—surpassing all previous records and the first car to attempt the round trip.

First up Pike's Peak, an altitude of nearly three miles, a climb of 12½ miles in competition with more than 20 famous American and European cars.

These records of endurance, speed and reliability are due entirely to the Super-Six motor, an exclusive Hudson feature that has made it possible to increase the efficiency of the Super-Six 80% and reduce vibration to almost nothing, giving Hudson cars added longevity.

In 1916 the Hudson Motor Car Company built 25,000 Super-Sixes, and to-day it is the largest maker of fine cars in the world.



HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

Cable Address—HUDSONCAR.

The Langham Steel Company,
Finchley Road,
London, England.

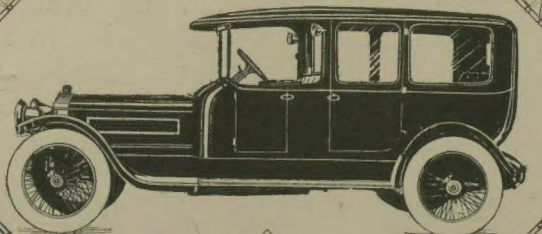
Daimler

Solely engaged on National and Imperial Service

WHEN the full story of Daimler activities can be told, it will make glad those loyal motorists who put their names on the waiting list.

THE Daimler Sleeve-Valve Engine is playing a mighty part in the war, proving its irresistible power and reliability in all quarters of the field, from the very front line to the base.

The Daimler Company, Ltd.
COVENTRY



SOUTH AMERICA
WEST INDIES
SPAIN PORTUGAL
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CENTRAL AMERICA
GIBRALTAR MOROCCO
ATLANTIC ISLES EGYPT
STRAITS CHINA JAPAN
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.
18 MOORGATE STREET LONDON E.



**"February fill dyke,
 Be it black or be it white."**

February—Winter's last effort in the way of bad weather before merging into Spring. We might have rain or we might have snow, but in any case we will have the usual "colds."



From a photo-micrograph of the *Bacillus influenzae*—taken at our Runcorn Laboratories.

The myriads of disease germs which abound in the atmosphere are ever watchful to seize an opportunity of attacking. A slightly over-worked system, a short season of exposure to the weather and the harm is done. Result, a chill—influenza—or even worse.

Bacteriologists have enabled us to see and recognise many of the tiny organisms which make their attack on the human system by way of the mouth and throat, and they are unanimous in recommending as an efficient preventive the use of

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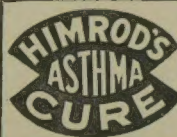
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MILLIONS OF PEOPLE

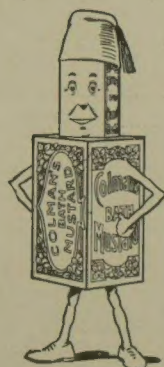
have used this most economical Dentifrice with utmost satisfaction. A few drops produce a most refreshing lather and cleanser, rendering the teeth white, and arresting decay.

Also put up in Powder form. **Absolutely BRITISH.** Why not give it a trial?

FLORILINE FOR THE TEETH.

After riding, motoring, golf, or any other exercise, try a mustard bath. The potent oils in mustard make the bath more refreshing and stimulating and banish soreness and stiffness.

Colman's Mustard Bath

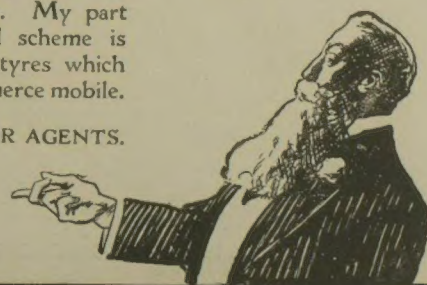


"Let Mustard prepare your bath."

DUNLOP DISCOURSE.

Commerce is the life blood of the Empire. My part in the Imperial scheme is to supply the tyres which make that commerce mobile.

OF ALL MOTOR AGENTS.



THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE ARISTOCRAT." AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

It is somewhat of a pity that Mr. Louis Parker, in writing a play round the Terror and its sequel, should follow the old melodramatic conventions of our stage on the matter. But since he is out for romance, and prefers to deal in aristocrats defying the guillotine in the face of howling mobs, and playing cards while they wait their turn for the scaffold, it is only right to say that he provides plenty of attractive pictures. The trial under the Terror—of course, made to coincide with Robespierre's fall, and therefore admitting of a non-tragic issue—is Mr. Parker's *coup-de-théâtre*, and very effective in colour and contrast it is, though we may have our doubts in the midst of it whether the young *bourgeois* lieutenant would have found it possible to snatch his aristocratic sweetheart out of the tumbril. Throughout this excitement, however, the playwright's hero, the exquisite old Duke of Chastelfranc, Marshal of France, is but a puppet, a thing of fine airs and poses and deportment; and we like him far better—find him rendered far more human—in the scene under the Empire, where, poor and lonely while the Corsican is at the height of power, deeming himself childless because his daughter has married her Bonapartist rescuer, he receives an invitation from a parvenu aide-de-camp to come and teach the new Court etiquette and manners. There is humour in this episode, and Sir George Alexander, whose Duke has always grace and distinction, was able here to act as well as look the "aristocrat." The play gives us that good moment, and it also furnishes Miss Geneviève Ward's magical art with the opportunity of creating one of her most telling *grande dame* portraits—a rather naughty and extremely sprightly old dame this time. For the rest, Mr. Dennis Neilson Terry and Miss Mary Glynn are a pretty pair of lovers; and Mr. Lennox Pawle, Mr. William Stack, Mr. Charles Glenney, and Miss Miriam Lewes each make their contribution to an entertainment that is certainly always picturesque.

SOME ADDITIONS AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Evidently Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton are resolved that their Eastern story shall hold its own with rivals of revue. What may almost be called a new edition of "Chu Chin Chow" has resulted from their pains to keep it fresh and encourage the *revueur*. They have just introduced some new scenes and episodes into its elastic structure. The most striking of these represents a mean street of the East which is a veritable triumph of scenic art and stage-management, and abounds in colour and movement. There are also new songs for Miss Aileen D'Orme and Mr. Courtice Pounds, a new dance in the palace scene, and some new costumes in the dazzling dress parade. Finally, there is the oddest of interludes in the drama of a "Lady Who Had a Jealous Husband and a Lover," which is not quite so gruesome in action as its title might seem to promise. So that there are several reasons warranting a revisit to His Majesty's.

CHESS.

M G HOPKINS (Llanelli).—It is impossible to learn chess without constant practice; no book-learning will ever make you a good player. Try to keep on meeting better players than yourself, you will then soon find the object of moves given in book games. As regards your problem, no modern composition ever depends for its solution on a series of checks.

J C GARDNER (Toronto).—We fear your cooks are too ancient history to deal with now; but we shall be much surprised if the error was not noticed at the time.

R C DURELL (Wanstead).—Your solutions to hand; but you have come down over No. 3748. Please look at this: 1. K to B 4th P to R 8th becomes B. How then?

R C McKEAN (Arizona).—Your letter is having our attention.

C WILLING (Philadelphia, U.S.A.).—We are much obliged for your very welcome batch of games.

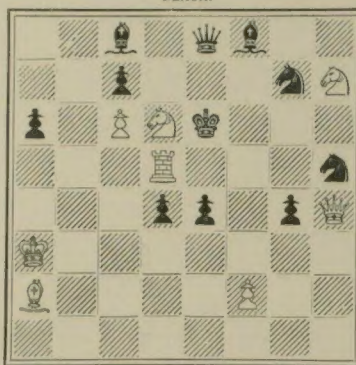
E J WINTER WOOD (Paignton).—Your problem comes to hand at an opportune moment.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3747.—By H. J. M.

WHITE. 1. K to B 4th 2. Q to K 8th 3. Q to R 4th (mate).

BLACK. P to R 8th, becoming a B K takes P

PROBLEM No. 3751.—By A. M. SPARKE.



WHITE. White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3745 received from Hosang Kharsedji (Bombay) and L F (Malta); of No. 3747 from C Field (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.); of No. 3748 from Rev. J Christie; of No. 3749 from W Parsons, J Isaacson (Liverpool), J Marshall Bell (Buckhaven), J Verrall (Ridwell), Corporal G Ratcliff (B.E.F.), W Sutherland (Edinburgh), B H G Williams, E W Allan (Highgate), H K Flavia, W R Tebbis (Canterbury), A Pendlebury, E Annable (Stapleford), C A P, Fidelitas, Z Koss (Bradford), N R Dharmar (Padihann), N H Romanes (Swanage), E P Stephenson (Llandudno), G Giles, and P Morton.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3750 received from G Sorrie (Stonehaven), Rev. J Christie (Birlingham), H Grasset Baldwin, A H Waters (Bath), J S Forbes (Brighton), and J Fowler.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Rice Memorial Tournament, at New York, between Messrs. SCHROEDER and HODGES.

(Ray Lopez)

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th P to Q R 3rd
4. B to R 4th Kt to B 3rd
5. Kt to B 3rd B to K 2nd
6. Castles P to Q Kt 4th
7. B to Kt 3rd P to Q 3rd
8. P to Q R 4th

This move is regarded as premature by some authorities. It was used unsuccessfully by Tarrasch against Janowsky in the St. Petersburg Tournament of 1914.

9. Kt to Q 5th B to Kt 5th
10. P to B 3rd R to Q Kt sq
11. B to B 4th Kt takes P
12. B takes P P takes P
13. Q P takes P Castles
14. B to K 3rd B to Kt 4th
15. P to R 3rd

Practically ensuring the loss of the game. B to Q Kt 5th, followed by a strong counter-attack on Black's weak Queen's wing affords far better prospects of defence.

16. P takes B B takes B
17. P takes B B takes P (ch)

Black handles his opportunities in

very spirited style, both now and later on. His play deserves to be followed with close attention.

17. R takes B Kt takes R
18. K takes Kt R takes P (ch)
This capture, which would have been attended by risk at an earlier moment, here becomes, in conjunction with Black's previous sacrifice, a powerful factor in the attack.

19. K to Kt 3rd P to B 4th
20. B to B 4th K to R sq
21. Q to Q B sq P to B 5th (ch)
22. K to R 2nd P to K 5th

In keeping with the fine play shown throughout by the old international representative.

23. Q takes R P takes Kt
24. P takes P Kt to K 4th
25. B to B sq Q to R 5th (ch)
26. K to Kt 2nd Kt takes Kt

Another sacrifice which makes this as pretty a game as we have seen for some time.

27. P takes Kt P to B 6th (ch)
28. K to Kt sq P to B 7th (ch)
29. K to Kt 2nd Q takes P (ch)

White resigns.

Sir Edward Holden presented a highly satisfactory and comprehensive report at the meeting of shareholders of the London, City and Midland Bank, on Jan. 26, and, dealing as it did with millions, it was an impressive and masterly exposition of the influence of the war upon finance. A copy of Sir Edward's speech *in extenso* can be obtained on application to the head office of the bank, in Threadneedle Street. Sir Edward dealt with many phases of our own financial methods and those of Germany, and elucidated the meaning of "credit" with consummate skill, stating, among many interesting facts, that "in the midst of great economic phenomena," our country was "overflowing with money and credit." The details of German methods given were remarkable—how travellers had been stopped at the frontiers and their gold taken from them and exchanged for notes; how gold ornaments had been melted down and the metal sent into the Reichsbank in exchange for notes; Committees appointed in every town and village to urge the surrender of ornaments, and so on. A copy of Sir Edward's lucid and most interesting address should be sent for.

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Physiological Laxative.

The only agent that effects the functional "re-education" of the Intestine.

JUBOL Cleanses the Intestine,

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Relieves Hæmorrhoids, Prevents Obesity.

MEDICAL OPINION:

"JUBOL is an excellent combination of active agents for the treatment of intestinal disorders. It is highly successful for chronic constipation, re-education of the intestine, and facilitating the digestive process, while it assists in preventing the development of enterocolitis. Its well-established efficacy deserves the attention of physicians as well as sufferers to the merits of JUBOL."

Dr. JEAN SALOMON, Paris Medical Faculty.

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Dissolves Uric Acid.

10,183 Calculi (stones) were found in the kidneys of a patient on whom an operation was performed. Had Urodonal been taken not a single stone would have been formed.



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RENAL COLIC is caused through the precipitation in the kidneys of uric acid and its derivatives, which collect together and form stones, varying in size from that of a grain of fine sand to that of a hen's egg. (Even larger stones are met with.)

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